

# FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

ALEX NIÑO  
JOE PRUETT  
PHILIP XAVIER  
MATT NIXON  
SERGEI POYARKOV  
MICHAEL DUBISCH  
ZOOK



## Editorial Letter

Dear readers,

Due to changes within our company we are suspending the publishing schedule for the remainder of this year. The issue you are currently holding in your hand will be the last edition of 1999. We'd like to thank our loyal customers and advertisers who made this project possible. Thank you to the artists and writers whose unique imaginations and sense of artistic expression graced the pages of every issue. Most importantly, we'd like to thank the man who was our inspiration, Frank Frazetta, for his passionate enthusiasm.

Issue #8 is easily our most diverse issue yet with stories by comic legend Alex Nino, newcomers Seth Fisher and Michael Dubisch and collaborations featuring writer Matt Nixon, Russian artist Sergei Payarkov, writer Joe Pruitt and French-American comics artist Philip Xavier. Also featured are a gallery section featuring Frazetta influenced fantasy artist Zook and an essay by the always insightful Dr. David Winiewicz. Our business doors will be open throughout the year 2000 for all order fulfillment and any customer questions, requests etc. Please feel free to contact us. One more heartfelt thanks to everyone involved. Hopefully we'll see you again soon.

# FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATION

September 1999 • Volume 1, Number 8

### Cover

Frank Frazetta  
"Spiderman"

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© art by Zook



## Spider Man

8



by Frank Frazetta  
commentary by  
Dr. David Winiewicz

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art Philip Xavier  
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story & art  
Seth Fisher

# FRANK FRAZETTA'S "Spiderman"

Ironically, the real greatness of Frazetta's art stems from the interesting fact that, first and foremost, he is not an ARTIST in the traditional sense. It is important to keep our eye on the correct priorities. First and foremost, Frazetta is a sportsman. Frazetta has always been more interested in LIFE than in art. He is more interested in living than in making a living. Frazetta is a hunter, a golfer, a photographer, a husband, a devoted family man and a passionate lover of sports. Swinging a baseball bat is just as important as swinging a brush. In his late 50's Frazetta led a local softball league in hitting for several years. This intense engagement in life is what energizes Frazetta's art. His art lives because he knows how to live.

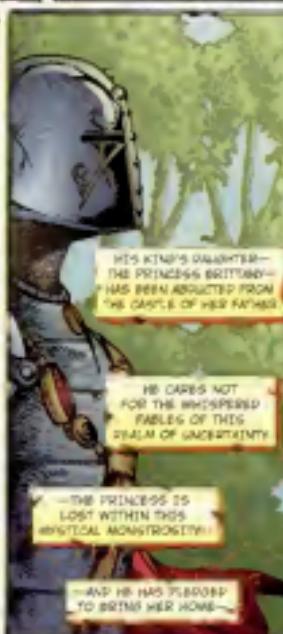
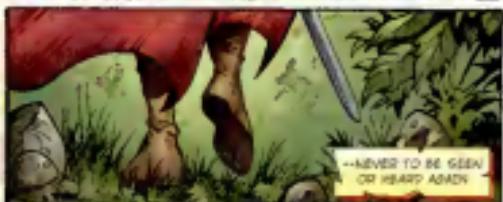
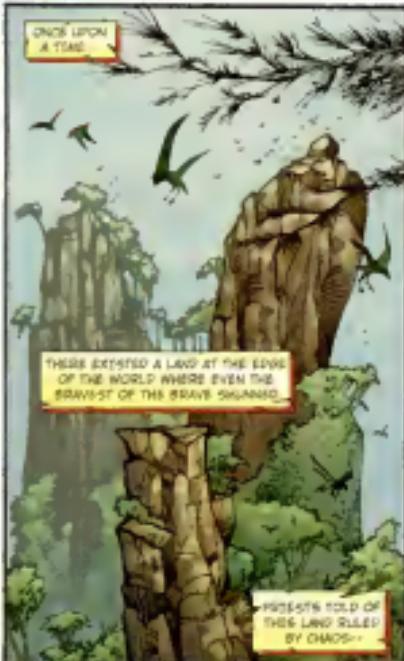
As with all important things, this began in Frazetta's childhood. He roamed, ran, jumped and stalked all sorts of real and imagined creatures in his Brooklyn neighborhood. His costume was a simple sweatshirt adorned with a picture of a black panther. He identified with the big cats, with their stealth, smoothness, and quick transition to violent action. After a full day of furious activity, Frazetta would return home and immediately begin to draw. It was almost as if the world's energy had entered his soul and lit up his imagination. That special magical energy would now appear on the page before him. Frazetta told me that often he would pray for a rainy day so he could just sit and draw without the enticement of the play world calling him. Frazetta is unique. There has never been a more physical artist raised without the dominance of television, video games, and other imagination-killing devices. His was a world of comic books, newspaper strips, pulps, and his own incredible fantasies.

Is it any wonder that Frazetta would go on to touch the world with his brush and mind? He is a natural, a prodigy, a creative artist of the highest level. SPIDERMAN is a clear example of Frazetta's idiosyncratic genius. I strongly dislike this name. This masterpiece originally appeared as the cover to the Bantam paperback of NIGHT WALK by Robert Shaw. NIGHT WALK is a far more descriptive and evocative title. This work is an explosive in-your-face composition highlighting the power of suggestiveness and the importance of color. Man battles creature; it has a direct impact due to the rigorous simplicity of the design. Frazetta draws our eye immediately to the essentials. The expressionistic use of color highlights the drama and reinforces the life-and-death mood of the oil. Each brushstroke explodes with fire and passion. Yet, as always, there is subtlety present. The wonderfully intense facial contortion of the hero, the reflected colors on his arm, and the eerie blob of green ichor that resonates with earthly morbidity and mortality. The power of the oil is energized by the details. Frazetta gives the viewer a lot to ponder. This is where Frazetta transcends all clichés and stereotypes, and moves into the realm of High Art.

Any other artist would not be able to capture the mood or intensity of this scene. You need to live in order to create living art. This is the real secret to Frazetta's appeal. Life responds to life! Read any other artist's biography and you will see the same themes over and over again. They struggle to learn how to draw; they struggle with getting the right models, they struggle with their own inadequacies. They turn to alcohol, drugs, womanizing, etc. They search for a voice, a distinctive subject-matter, a wealthy patron. Frazetta has none of that! His theme is LIFE and all the wonderful and terrible things it contains. Because Frazetta is a force of nature, all he needs to do is look within for his subject matter. He doesn't have to rely on models or photographs that only serve to weaken genuine inspiration. Just picture that small boy in Brooklyn with the self-drawn panther on his shirt - running, jumping, fighting...LIVING...that is the real Frazetta.

Dr. David Winiewicz







—OR THE FULFILLMENT OF  
HIS MOST PRIMAL PESTERS

# the chess GAME

JOE PUINET / story  
JOE PUINET & ALLEN ROGERS / words  
PHILIP XAVIER / art

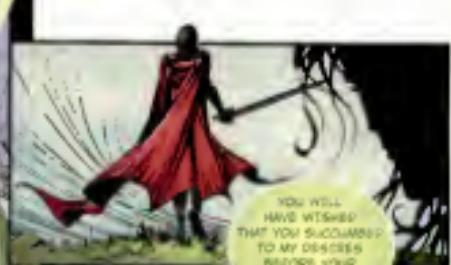


WHY DO  
YOU HESITATE?  
YOUR QUEST IS  
ENDED BEFORE  
IT COULD  
SCARIBLY  
BEGIN

ALLOW ME  
TO RESCUE YOU  
FROM THIS LOWELNESS  
I KNOW YOU MUST  
FEEL  
POSS MY  
FORM NOT  
PLEASE? DOES NOT  
MY FORM APPEAR  
AMPLE AND  
SMOOTH—  
—AS POSTO  
AS A BUTTERFLY  
IN FLIGHT?

DO YOU  
NOT YEARN TO  
FEEL THE WARMTH  
OF ME AGAINST  
YOUR WEARY  
FLIGHT?

IT COULD  
PLEASE YOU  
IN WAYS YOU  
HAVE NOT YET  
SMASHED...



I AM  
AWARE OF YOUR  
PRESENCE...

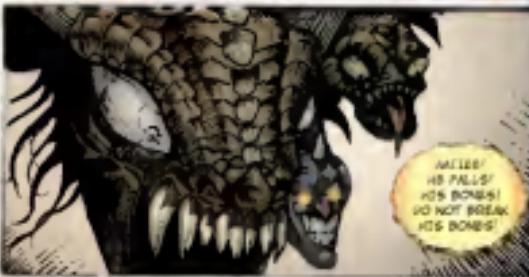


VERY  
WELL,  
MORTAL...



I WANT  
HIS FLESH!

I SAW HIS  
EYES FIRST!  
THEY'RE MINE!  
THEY'RE MINE!





THE BATTLE IS  
ONE OF LONER

THE VICTOR  
BARROW IS  
STILL MINE!



HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, ISILAN VILAINLY  
FIGHTS WITH A FURY AND SKILL UNMATCHED BY  
ANY SAVES THOSE OF THE FABLED ROUND TABLE

THE CORPSES CONTINUE TO  
AMOUNT AROUND HIM AS HE  
RAISES HIS SWORD AGAIN AGAIN—



IS IT HOURS OR DAYS LATER  
WHEN THE KILLING HAS ENDED—



...AND THE BLOOD NO  
LONGER FLOWING?



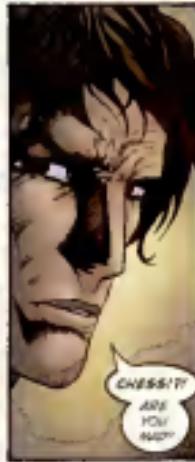
...TIME NO LONGER  
MATTERS TO THE  
LONE VICTOR.





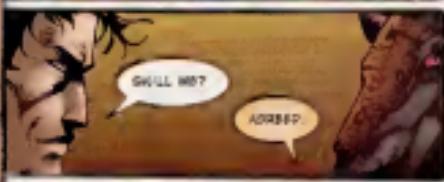
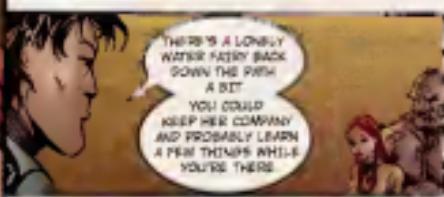
**SMASH!**









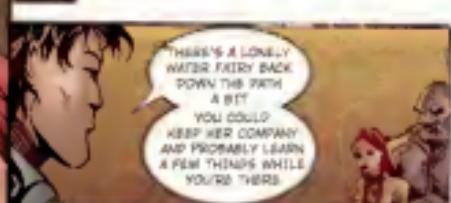




WHY YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE NOT... THAT'S IT!



NOT I DEMAND TO BE TAKEN TO MY FATHER...



SHALL WE?

ARMED

—IT ONCE!



BEST THREE OUT OF FIVE?

WRITER: MATT NIXON  
ARTIST: SERGEI POTARIKOV

# FOR THE SUN

THE OZONE  
ПЯТЬ  
ЗЕМЛЯ  
ВЫСКОМ

—BUT WE STILL  
HAVE TO EXTRAPOLATE THE  
HIGH CONCEPT OF THE PIPE FIT—BASED  
ON THE LARGONE THEORY—BLAH—  
BLAH—AS IT RELATES TO BLA'S  
SAMBIT—BLAH—BLAH  
—BLAH

IN A LAND  
BEYOND OUR  
IMAGINATION

WHEN THE  
OCTOBER AIR  
BEGINS TO  
Pierce FLESH  
WITH NEEDLE  
SHARP COLD,  
AN AGE OLD  
CONTEST  
DRAWS NEAR...

TO THE KIN OF  
THE CHAMPION—  
THE VERY SKY  
IS THE PRIZE.

SHOVE THAT  
“THEORY” HOO-HAH IN  
YOUR WAX-CLOGGED EAR,  
SKOLONIK! WE  
CAN'T BE BEAT!

I MADE ABSOLUTELY  
CERTAIN THAT VICTORY WILL  
FINALLY BE OURS. THE DREAM  
WAS ALL IT TOOK. DREAMS ARE THE  
BEST PLACE TO GO WHEN YOU  
NEED A GOOD PLAN!

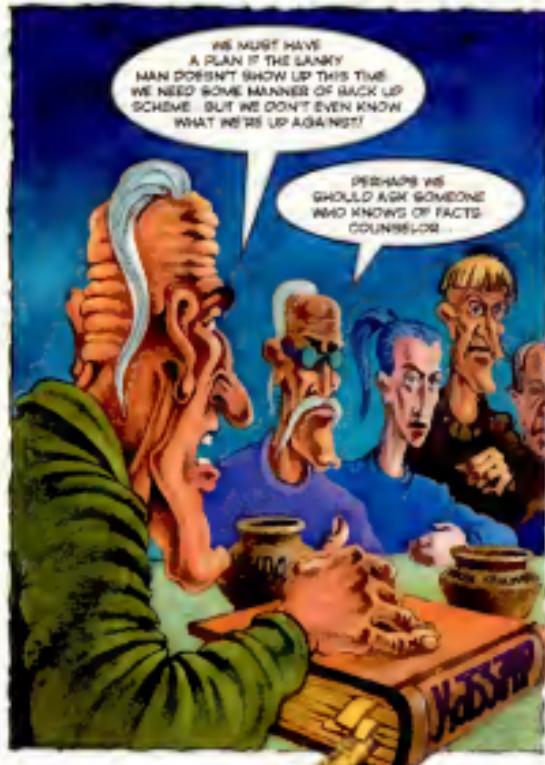
WOULD YOU ALL  
SHUT YOUR STUPID,  
VERBALLY DIURETIC YAP-HOLE?!!  
JUST SHOW ME THIS “STEAM-HEAMOTHY”  
AND YOU BEST NOT BE ENDOGRATING  
YOU GNAULED-OLD  
SCIENCE-HAG!

YES-YES!  
BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE BLAH-  
BLAH-BLAH?



YOU MIGHT BE  
ON TO SOMETHING  
HERE...





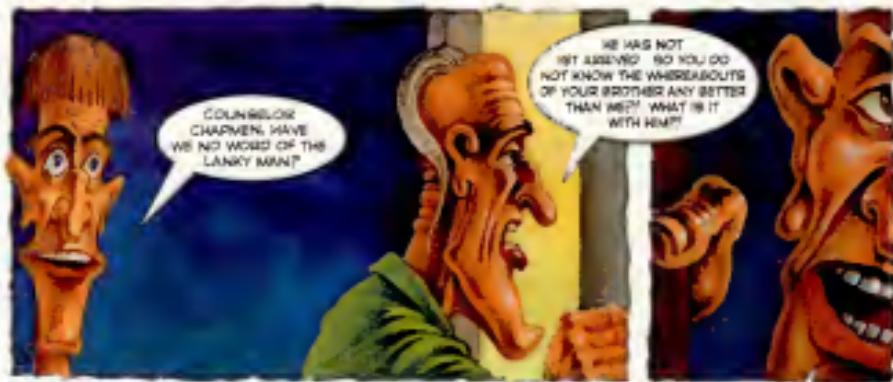
#### A GHOSTLY FORM MATERIALIZES



YOU ARE VERY  
CONCERNED...I KNOW THAT.  
AND I KNOW THAT WE HAVE DAMN  
GOOD REASON TO BE...YES  
I KNOW THAT TOO!

THE WHEELS ARE IN  
MOTION: WITHIN ONE HOUR  
THE MOSKULS WILL HAVE THEIR  
"STEAM-HEAMOUTH" ABOVE GROUND  
AND POSITIONED IN GREAT OCTOBER'S  
FIELD. WE MAY WELL SLEEP  
IN THE TUNNELS  
TONIGHT!





AN IMPOSSIBLY FAST MECHA-FISH SLIDES A SILENT PATH THROUGH WARM OCEAN WATERS. THE MECHA-FISH, A PRODUCT OF THE INSANE TINKERINGS OF AN ANCIENT WIZARD, HAS SERVED MANY MASTERS, BUT NONE AS DASHING AS THE ROGUE KNOWN TO ALL WHO MATTER AS:

ЧОВЕК-1

ЧОВЕК-2

ЧОВЕК-3

—THE LARRY WAR.

—THE LARRY WAR.

—THE LARRY WAR.

—THE LARRY WAR.



ALWAYS WITH  
YOU HIS THE RUSHING? WHAT IS  
WITH ALL THE RUSHING? I UNDERSTAND  
THAT YOU HAD TO GIVE IN TO THE ADVANCES  
OF THE QUEEN RISALDO—BUT HER THREE  
DAUGHTERS AS WELL! YOUR HORMONES  
AND EGO ARE SEVERELY HANDICAPPING  
YOUR TIME MANAGEMENT  
CAPABILITIES YOU  
BOOR!

NOW LISTEN,  
SAUSAGE! I'VE SEARCHED  
LONG FOR THIS SORT OF WARRIOR  
IF I WOULD HAVE HAD THIS BAD BOY IN  
MARCHIACOS DURING THE LAST MOON I  
WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THAT BILLY WOUND  
AT THE HANDS OF THAT BRIGAND! WITH  
THIS I AM THE COMPLETE WARRIOR!  
I WOULD HAVE SERVED EVERY  
WOMAN IN QUEEN RISALDO'S  
KINGDOM FOR THIS  
KIND OF BEER!

WHY  
DON'T  
SURPRISE ME  
TO HEAR YOU  
SAY THAT?

BECAUSE  
YOU ARE AN  
IDOT













DECEPTION...!

BY  
ALEX NINO

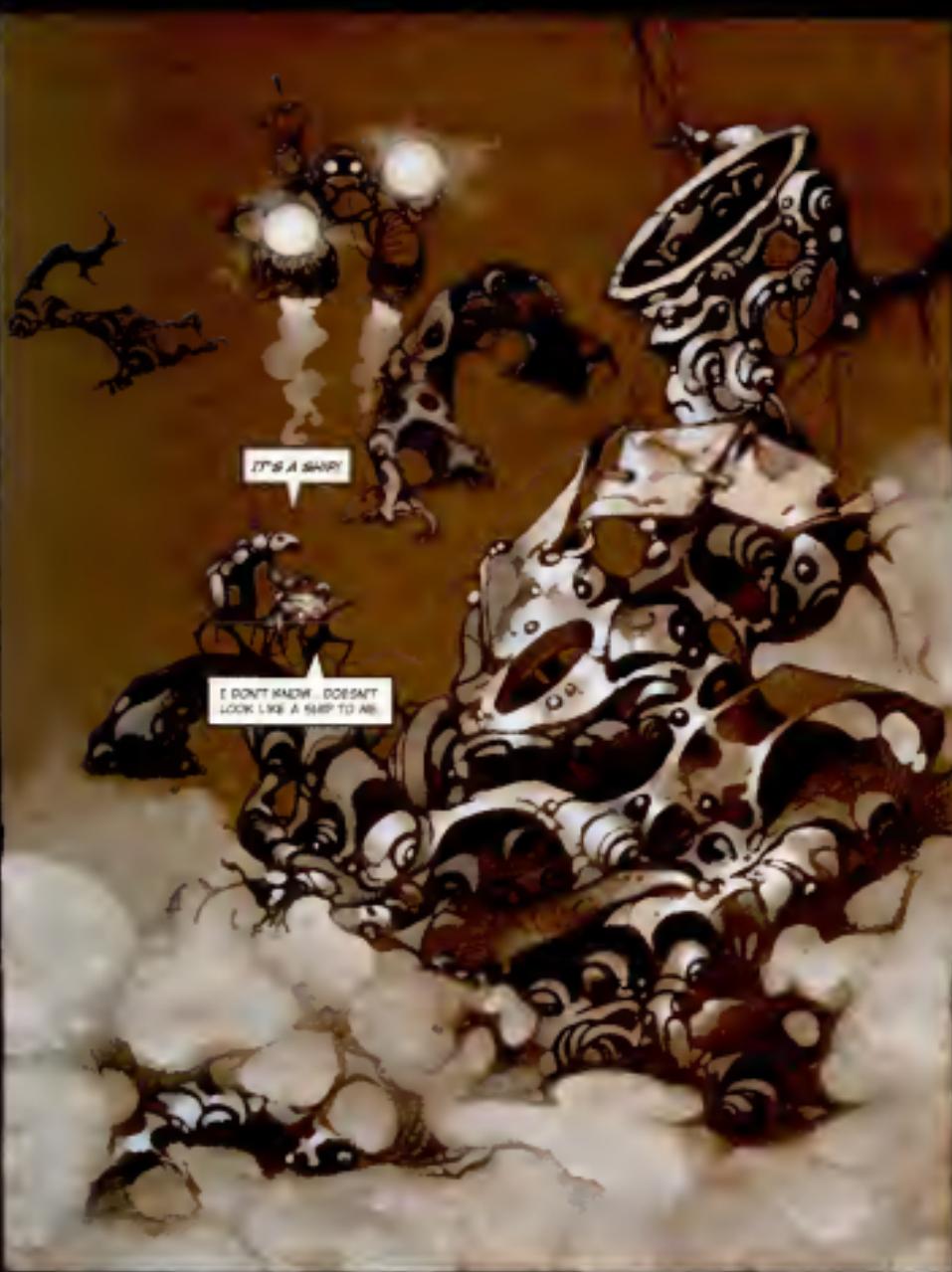
SHOULD HAVE JUST STAYED  
AT THE HILL COUNTING LEGS.  
NOW, I LOST ONE.

THIS IS INSANE...  
POWER, STURDY

THE WORST THING IS  
I'M FORCED TO RUN.  
WHAT COULD BE NEXT?













RELAX... EVERYTHING  
WILL BE ALRIGHT.

MEH...  
RIGHT.

I DON'T FEEL WELL... I  
THINK I HAVE ANXIETY  
OR IT'S JAMIE'S SINUS? I  
CAN'T REMEMBER.











IT'S ALL OVER HERE—  
WE'RE FINALLY HOME!



THAT'S IT. FOLLOW ME.  
THIS IS ALL I NEED TO KEEP  
MY ROTTING BRAIN WORKING.



I'M A JUICED  
OUT SONER



HEY PAUL... WHERE  
ARE YOU?





# FFFI GALLERY

*featuring the artist known as*  
**Zook**

Zook is a traditionally trained artist from day one. He sites his Father, also a professional illustrator, as encouraging his growth in the visual arts from an early age. Starting out in the movie industry as a story-boarder and conceptual movie poster artist, he soon turned his focus to the realm of fantasy art. Medium of choice: Oils. Subject Matter: Could be anything as long as it's done well. Origin of name: Caribbean; nickname when he used to bartend there in his earlier years. Passion: Harley's, his beautiful wife and great art.





























# THE NECROMANCER'S VICTORY

BY BURTON

I AM DRUL-KRODSON,  
NECROMANCER, AND  
I AM AT WAR.

I SPED THE RAVINE AS IT RAISED  
FAR BELOW MY TOWER PERCH,  
AND AS I PEARED, THE REPORTS  
WERE TRUE.

THE MYR-VYLE'S DISGUSTING  
AND FOUL AS THEY WERE  
HAD SPURRED IN FIGHTING  
THEIR WAY UP TO THE SURFACE  
WORLD. THEIR NUMBERS  
EVEN MORE STAGGERING THAN  
I COULDVE IMAGINED  
EALY OVERCAME THE  
LIGHT PERIMETER DEFENSES  
THAT WERE IN PLACE.

AS WORD HAD SPREAD  
AMONG THE SURFACE DWELLERS,  
UNEASY ALLIANCES WERE MADE  
BEAUTIFUL, ENCHANTED CHILDREN  
OF THE GODS FOUGHT ALONG  
SIDE THOSE THAT WERE  
WRAPPED IN THE BLACKNESS  
OF MAGIC.

WE HAD TO ALLY—  
BUT IT WASN'T  
ENOUGH.

PERHAPS IT  
NEVER WAS.

OUR COMBINED ARMIES CONFRONTED  
THE MYR-VYLE HORDE AT THE NORTHERN  
MOST BORDER OF MY TERRITORY. VICTORY  
LOOKED TO BE SHIRT IN COMING FOR US.  
BUT THE BATTLE TURNED AND THE ARMY OF  
DRAGONS WAS LOST. RETREAT WAS  
CALLED AND THE BATTLE FOLLOWED  
BACK TO MY STRONGHOLD. AS MY ARMY  
OF UNDEAD SPILL THROUGH MY  
FORTRESS GATES, I SEE IT IS  
TOO LATE FOR MY ALLIES.

NOW THE MYR-VYLE'S  
HAVE ONLY ONE POLE LEFT,  
AND I FEAR THEM— AND  
THEIR HATRED FOR ME.

THE MIGHTY WINGED DRAGON  
VIARED—WARE HIS BROTHERS  
AND FRIENDS LOST IN THE NORTH  
IS NOW FOREVER GROUNDED AND  
CONSUMED BY HIS OWN FIRES.

THE ANGELIC GIANT GABRIEL  
NOT A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY  
IS ALSO BROUGHT DOWN BY THE  
MYR-VYLE MASSSES. HER BEAUTY  
SURROUNDED BY THE BONES  
OF HER SLAIN ENEMY.



THE UNDEAD CONTINUE THEIR SPIRITLESS FIGHT FOR ME. THEIR BODIES ANIMATED BY THE BLOOD OF THEIR VICTIMS. IT IS A DANGEROUSLY WEAK SPELL, THOUGH, AND IT WILL ONLY LAST SO LONG.

BUT INTRIGUE BLOOD, EVEN WHEN FLOWING IN RIVERS, RUNS THIN, AND SO THE SPELL CANNOT PULL MUCH STRENGTH FROM IT. I CAN SEE MY ARMY'S NUMBERS DWINDLING, AND WITH IT MY CHANCES.



I SUMMON MY STRONGEST NECROMANCERS, POWERFUL SOUL STEALERS, IN THEIR OWN RIGHT AND WE PREPARE OURSELVES FOR A FINAL PUSH.



THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS. SOMETHING MORE FELT THAN SEEN, AND WE ALL TURN TO WHERE THE FORCE COMES FROM.



TO OUR ASTONISHMENT THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO PART AS A STRANGE ALIEN OBJECT LOWERS FROM THE SKY.



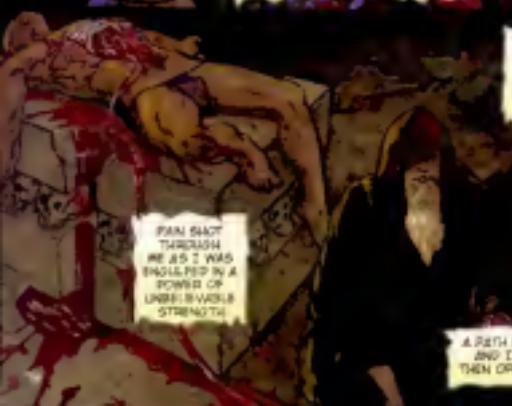
IT WAS A THING FROM  
BEYOND OUR WORLD,  
HOVERING ALMOST RECKLESSLY,  
FOR US TO MAKE CONTACT.



THE BATTLE HAD COME TO  
AN IMMEDIATE HALT AS ALL  
STARED IN DISBELIEF AT THE  
OBJECT ABOVE THEM. EVEN  
THE MYR-VILIS, WHO UP UNTIL  
THIS POINT HAD STOPPED AT  
NOTHING IN THEIR ANNihilation  
OF THE SURFACE WORLD, NOW  
STOOD IN MOTIONLESS AWE.



I KNEW WHAT I  
HAD TO DO, AND AT ONCE I LEAPED  
AT A SERVANT  
READY IN HAND  
TO MAKE THE SACRIFICE.



IT WAS  
TERRIFYING  
ME AS I WAS  
ENSHRODED IN A  
POWER OF  
UNBELIEVABLE  
STRENGTH.

BY REMOVING HIS  
CLOTHING, I CARRIED  
THEM OUT IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO LINK  
MYSELF WITH  
THE OBJECT.

A PATH BURNED THROUGH ME  
AND I BECAME AWARE IT  
THEN OPENED ITSELF UP TO ME.





I WAS IN CONTACT WITH THE ALIEN MIND. ITS SCOPE WAS UNIMAGINABLE, AND IT HAD NOTHING FROM ME.

IT WAS A RUSH OF UNDETERMINABLE AGE. CREED LONG UNLEASHED. THIS PRO-ORPHANIC ENTITY WANDERED THIS UNIVERSE IN SEARCH OF INTELLIGENT LIFE. IN SEARCH OF A CREED. IN SEARCH OF COMPANIONSHIP. IT WANDERED PAST MY HOME PLANET AND PICKED UP ON THIS GATHERING OF MENTAL POWER FROM MY CHAMBERS.

IN ME IT MADE A CONNECTION. THROUGH ME IT WENT INTO THE DISPLAY OF MY RATTLE INTO THE MIND-YEARS, AND FROM ME IT LEARNED TO MUTE THEM.

IT SAW MY OFFERING AS A PLEA FOR ITS HELP TO VANQUISH OUR NOW COMMON ENEMY.

IN REBELLION I PROMISED IT COMPANIONSHIP. I PROMISED TO END THE LONG JOURNEY IT HAD BEEN ON.

I PROMISED IT A NEW BEGINNING.



FROM WITHIN OUR BOND I  
HAD HEARD THE POWERFUL  
BEATING HEART OF THE BEING  
AND A TRAUGHT STREAMED  
THROUGH ME.

I SUMMONED  
A SERVANT OVER.

THE BLEED FLEW HOME SO FAST  
THE GOLLENT FORMLESS HAVE FELT  
OF A DEEPLY MADE THE DANGEROUS  
THIRD CONNECTION WITH HER AS  
SHE DID, THEN PANNED IT SO  
THE ALIEN AND WITHDRAW MY  
CONNECTION FROM THEIR BOTH.

A CHANCE  
A CHANCE SO SLIM  
THAT I KNEW I HAD TO  
TAKE IT. THE WAY I  
SEE IT, THE WAY I  
WAS LOST.

IT WILL WRENCH THAT SOUL FREE AND  
TAKE YOURS JUST AS QUICKLY. IT IS AN  
AEROLITE THAT I HAVE COME TO KNOW.

A CONSTANT, EVEN  
FOR THE ALIEN.

YOU SEE IN MAGIC, THAT  
IS, IN THE DARKEST OF MAGIC  
YOU NEVER WANT TO BE  
CONNECTED TO A SOUL THAT IS  
TORN FROM THE BODY BY DEATH.

BECUSE DEATH  
DOESNT CARE.

AS THE BEING CRASHED INTO  
THE GROUND IT TORE OPEN,  
SPILLING ITS' POWERFUL BLOOD  
ONTO THE EARTH.

THE THICK GREEN LIQUID  
COVERED THE BATTLEFIELD  
AND I PRAYED THAT MY  
SPELL WOULD STILL HOLD.

SUDDENLY GABRIEL STERRED  
THEN SWORD IN HAND, HER UNHEA  
BODY ROSE AND I COMMANDED HER  
TO DANCE AGAIN FIGHT!



SHE AND HER DRAGON  
LORD COMPANION DID  
FIGHT, NO LONGER AS  
COMMANDERS, BUT  
AS MY SERVANTS.

THE STRENGTH OF THE  
ALIEN BLOOD MIXED WITH  
THEIR UNDEAD FLESH AND  
THEY BECAME LIKE STONE.

GREAT STONE CHAMPS THAT  
I ROVED ACROSS THE  
WILDFIELD, CUTTING AND  
BLUSSING GREAT SWATHS  
OF MYR-VILES DOWN.

THROUGH THE NIGHT THE  
LOP-SIDED BATTLE RAGED AS  
MULTITUDES OF MYR-VILES  
ROSE UP FROM THE  
UNDERGROUND FOR THEIR  
NOW SOOTHED CAUSE.

AND WITH DAWN CAME  
VICTORY. THE MYR-VILES  
WERE DRIVEN BACK  
GROUNDED DOWN.

THE LIVING CELEBRATED  
THEIR ROUGH VICTORY  
THEN LEFT TO REJOIN  
THEIR FAMILIES.

THE GRIM STONE-LIKE  
UNDEAD TROLLS EVENTUALLY  
WERE LOST TO THE BREWING  
OF THE SPELL, AND I WAS  
AGAIN ALONE.



BUT IT WAS  
MY DAY NOW.

AND STILL I AM TROUBLED.  
I HAVE WON THE BATTLE  
AGAINST THE MYR-VILE,  
BUT HOW MANY LIE IN WAIT  
BENEATH THE SURFACE?  
THEY WILL SURELY RISE  
UP ONCE MORE.

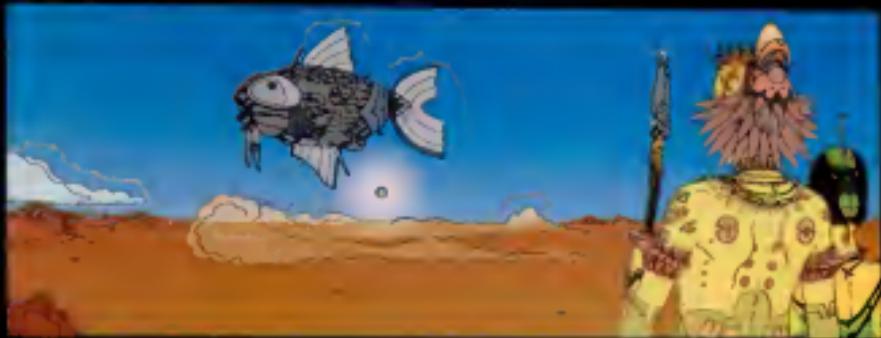
AND WHEN THEY DO  
WHAT BLOOD WILL I  
FIND TO SPILL FOR MY  
PROTECTION THEN?

MIN TO REVIVE OR TO  
WONDER OR TO CRY OUT  
IN SELFISH VICTORY. BUT  
MINE, NONETHLESS,

END

# THE SEED

BY SETH FISHER



WE WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT AS THE CITY GREW AND GREW  
WE WHO HAD ALWAYS MADE A LIVING OFF THE LAND.



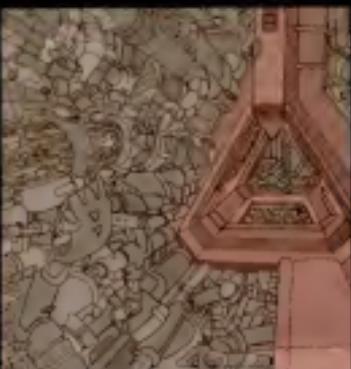




THE CITY STOPPED BROWNING AT ABOUT 100 MILLION GIGATONS AND THE NEW INHABITANTS ARRIVED SHORTLY AFTER.



THEY WELCOMED US WITH OPEN ARMS.



I WORK IN THE BSIIR-7 RO-ANIMATION RESEARCH COMPLEX.



A DANGEROUS JOB THAT NEEDS TO BE DONE.



BUT RECENTLY THE UNDERGROUND REFORMATION HAS HAD BOLD IDEAS AND I SEEM TO PLAY A LEAD ROLE IN THEIR EQUATION.



SOME OF THE PROCESSES I WORK WITH ARE TOTALLY UNPREDICTABLE

BUT NOT ALL OF THEM.



AND NOW THE VERY TECHNOLOGY THAT  
THIS LIVING CITY IMPOSED HOLDS OUR  
GREATEST HOPES FOR SALVATION.



OUR MASTERS ARE NOT CRUEL AND FOR ALL THAT  
THEY HAVE PROVIDED, THIS MUST SEEM MOST UNGRATEFUL.





HISTORY WILL BE OUR FINAL JUDGE AND HER VERDICT WILL NOT BE  
DELIVERED UNTIL MY SONS GRANDCHILDREN HAVE LONG BEEN BURIED



FOR THIS I AM GRATEFUL.







Paul Bogaert

